

Revelation

The sun has gone just now, and pulled his piercing beams
from o'er the fields,
The light that stays behind is humble in reflection of its fires.
There lingers here a lessening glow without a source that
fades unseen,
And close above the gravel roads and farms a haze autumnal
rises.
No sound intrudes, for those the ear can sense belong ineffably,
And even these are silence sounds — the far-off tinkling of a
lead cow's bell,—
The rustling of the horse's hay, the beat of wings to chicken
roost —
All these are only part of this great overwhelming calm of
nature's being.

I stand, and hold a can of feed,
And think some Power has just decreed
That I should look on this land,
From which the raucous world is banned,
And feel in this one swift release
The awesome majesty of peace.

—Nancy Hendricks

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A Pioneer Home

Lois Esther Littler

Several clues indicated that a house was there before it became visible to the approaching visitor, for pioneer homes were located, not because of nearness to a road, but because of proximity to a spring and a stream; the former saved time and labor in digging a well for the household and the latter promised a supply of water for the livestock. It nestled, this home of my great-grandparents, half-secluded among huge trees and smaller shrubs on the crown of a knoll overlooking a meandering stream. As one followed the short stretch of road between the school building and the Quaker meeting-house, a winding lane diverged to the left where the highway and the drive to the meetinghouse met. The lane paralleled the south boundary of the meetinghouse grounds, and at its